

The virtue of your eie must breake my oth.
Qu. You nickname vertue: vice you should haue spoke:
 For vertues office neuer breakes men troth.
 Now by my maiden honor, yet as pure
 As the vnfallied Lilly, I protest,
 A world of torments though I should endure,
 I would not yeeld to be your houses guest:
 So much I hate a breaking cause to be
 Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integritie.

Kim. O you haue liu'd in desolation heere,
 Vnseene, vnvisited, much to our shame.

Qu. Not so my Lord, it is not so I sweare,
 We haue had pastimes heere, and pleasant game,
 A messe of Russians left vs but of late.

Kim. How Madam? Russians?

Qu. I in truth, my Lord,
 Trim gallants, full of Courtship and of state.

Rosa. Madam speake true. It is not so my Lord:
 My Ladie (to the manner of the daies)
 In curtesie giues vnderfering praise.

We foure indeed confronted were with foure
 In Russia habit: Heere they stayed an houre,
 And talk'd apace: and in that houre (my Lord)
 They did not blesse vs with one happy word.
 I dare not call them fooles; but this I thinke,
 When they are thistlie, fooles would faine haue drinke.

Kim. This iest is drie to me. Gentle sweete,
 Your wits makes wife things foolish when we greete
 With eies best seeing, heauens fierie eie:
 By light we loose light; your capacitie
 Is of that nature, that to your huge floore,
 Wife things seeme foolish, and rich things but poore.

Ros. This proues you wife and rich: for in my eie
Kim. I am a foole, and full of pouertie.

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
 It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Kim. O, I am yours and all that I possesse.

Ros. All the foole mine.

Kim. I cannot giue you lesse.

Ros. Which of the Vizards what it that you wore?

Kim. Where? when? What Vizard?

Why demand you this?

Ros. There, then, that vizard, that superfluous case,
 That hid the worse, and shew'd the better face.

Kim. We are discrid,

They'l mocke vs now downeright.

Kim. Let vs confesse, and turne it to a iest.

Qu. Amaz'd my Lord? Why looks your Highnes
 sadde?

Rosa. Helpe hold his browes, hee'l found: why looke
 you pale?

Sea-sicke I thinke comming from Muscouie.

Kim. Thus poure the stars down plagues for periury.
 Can any face of brasse hold longer out?

Heere stand I, Ladie dart thy skill at me,
 Bruise me with scorne, confound me with a flout.

Thrust thy sharpe wit quite through my ignorance.
 Cut me to peeces with thy keene conceit:

And I will with thee neuer more to dance,
 Nor neuer more in Russian habit waite.

O! neuer will I trust to speeches pen'd,
 Nor to the motion of a Schoole-boies tongue.

Nor neuer come in vizard to my friend,
 Nor woo in rime like a blind-harpers songue.

Taffata phrases, filken tearmes precise,
 Three-pil'd Hyperboles, spruce affection;

Figures pedanticall, these summer flies,
 Haue blowne me full of maggot ostentation.

I do forswear them, and I heere protest,
 By this white Gloue (how white the hand God knows)

Henceforth my woing minde shall be exprest
 In russet yeas, and honest kerne-woes.

And to begin Wench, so God helpe me law,
 My loue to thee is found, sans cracke or flaw.

Rosa. Sans, sans, I pray you.

Kim. Yet I haue a tricke

Of the old rage: beare with me, I am sicke.
 Ile leaue it by degrees: soft, let vs see,

Write Lord haue mercie on vs, on those three,
 They are infected, in their hearts it lies:

They haue the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
 These Lords are visited, you are not free:

For the Lords tokens on you do I see.
Qu. No, they are free that gaue these tokens to vs.

Kim. Our states are forfeit, seeke not to vndo vs.

Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true,
 That you stand forfeit, being those that sue.

Kim. Peace, for I will not haue to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Kim. Speake for your felices, my wit is at an end.

King. Teach vs sweete Madame, for our rude trans-

gression, some faire excuse.
Qu. The fairest is confesion.

Were you not heere but euen now, disguis'd?
Kim. Madam, I was.

Qu. And were you well aduis'd?

Kim. I was faire Madam.

Qu. When you then were heere,

What did you whisper in your Ladies eare?
King. That more then all the world I did respect her.

Qu. When shee shall challenge this, you will reiect
 her.

King. Vpon mine Honor no.

Qu. Peace, peace, for heere:

your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

King. Despise me when I breake this oath of mine.

Qu. I will, and therefore keepe it. *Rosaline,*

What did the Russian whisper in your eare?

Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me deare

As precious eye-sight, and did value me

About this World: adding thereto moreouer,
 That he would Wed me, or else die my Louer.

Qu. God giue thee ioy of him: the Noble Lord

Most honorably doth vphold his word.

King. What meane you Madame?

By my life, my troth,

I neuer swore this Ladie such an oth.

Ros. By heauen you did; and to confirme it plaine,

you gaue me this: But take it fir againe.

King. My faith and this, the Princeesse I did giue,

I knew her by this Iewell on her sleue.

Qu. Pardon me fir, this Iewell did she weare,

And Lord *Beromne* (I thanke him) is my deare.

What? Will you haue me, or your Pearle againe?

Kim. Neither of either, I remit both twaine.

I see the tricke on't: Heere was a consent,

Knowing aforehand of our merriment;

To dash it like a Christmas Comedie.

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight Zanie,

Some mumble-newes, some trencher-knight, some Dick

That smiles his cheek in yeares, and knowes the trick

To make my Lady laugh, when she's dispos'd;

Told

Told our intents before: which once disclos'd,
 The Ladies did change fauours, and then we

Following the signes, woo'd but the signe of the.

Now to our periury, to adde more terror,

We are againe forsworne in will and error.

Much vpon this tis: and might not you

Foretell our sport, to make vs thus vnture?

Do not you know my Ladies foot by th'squier?

And laugh vpon the apple of her eie?

And stand betweene her backe fir, and the fire,

Holding a trencher, iesting merrilie?

You put our Page out: go, you are slowd.

Die when you will, a smocke shall be your shroud.

You were vpon me, do you? There's an eie

Wounds like a Leaden sword.

Boy. Full merrily hath this braue manager, this car-

reere bene run.

Kim. Loe, he is tilting straight. Peace, I haue don.

Enter Clowne.

Welcome pure wit, thou part'st a faire fray.

Kim. O Lord fir, they would kno,

Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.

Kim. What are there but three?

Kim. No fir, but it is vana fine,

For euerie one pursents three.

Kim. And three times thrice is nine.

Kim. Not so fir, vnder correction fir, I hope it is not so.

You cannot beg vs fir, I can assure you fir, we know what

we know: I hope fir three times thrice fir.

Kim. Is not nine.

Kim. Vnder correction fir, wee know where-vntill it

doth amount.

Kim. By Loue, I alwaies tooke three threes for nine.

Clow. O Lord fir, it were pittie you should get your

living by reckning fir.

Kim. How much is it?

Clow. O Lord fir, the parties themselves, the actors fir

will shew where-vntill it doth amount: for mine owne

part, I am (as they say, but to perfect one man in one

poore man) *Pompey* the great fir.

Kim. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Clow. It pleased them to thinke me worthe of *Pompey*

the great: for mine owne part, I know not the degree of

the Worthie, but I am to stand for him.

Kim. Go, bid them prepare.

Clow. We will turne it finely off fir, we wil take some

care.

Kim. *Beromne*, they will shame vs:

Let them not approach.

Kim. We are shame-prooffe my Lord: and 'tis some

posseie, to haue one shew worfe then the Kings and his

companie.

Kim. I say they shall not come!

Qu. Nay my good Lord, let me ore-rule you now;

That sport best pleases, that doth least know how

Where Zeale striues to content, and the contents

Dies in the Zeale of that which it presents:

Their forme confounded, makes most forme in mirth;

When great things labouring perishe in their birth.

Kim. A right description of our sport my Lord.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Anointed, I implore so much expence of thy

royall sweet breath, as will vtter a brace of words.

Qu. Doth this man serue God?

Kim. Why aske you?

Qu. He speak's not like a man of God's making.

Brag. That's all one my faire sweet honie Monarch:

For I protest, the Schoolmaster is exceeding fantasticall:

Too too vaine, too too vaine. But we wil put it (as they

say) to *Fortuna delaguar*, I wish you the peace of minde

most royall supplement.

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies;

He presents *Hector* of Troy, the Swaine *Pompey* great,

the Parish Curate *Alexander*, *Armadoes* Page *Heracles*,

the Pedant *Indas Machabens*: And if these foure Wor-

thies in their first shew thriue, these foure will change

habites, and present the other fiue.

Kim. There is fiue in the first shew.

Kim. You are deceiued, tis not so.

Kim. The Pedant, the Braggart, the Hedge-Priest, the

Foole, and the Boy,

Abate throw at Novum, and the whole world againe,

Cannot pricke out fiue such, take each one in's vaine.

Kim. The ship is vnder saile, and here the coms amain.

Enter Pompey.

Clow. I *Pompey* am.

Kim. You lie, you are not he.

Clow. I *Pompey* am.

Boy. With Libbards head on knee.

Kim. Well said old mocker,

I must needs be friends with thee.

Clow. I *Pompey* am, *Pompey* surnam'd the big.

Kim. The great.

Clow. It is great fir: *Pompey* surnam'd the great:

That oft in field, with Targe and Shield,

did make my foe to sweat:

And trauieling along this coast, I heere am come by chance,

And lay my Armes before the legs of this sweet Lasse of

France.

If your Ladiship would say thanks *Pompey*, I had done.

Kim. Great thanks great *Pompey*.

Clow. Tis not so much worth: but I hope I was per-

fect. I made a little fault in great.

Kim. My hat to a halfe-penie, *Pompey* proues the

best Worthie.

Enter Curate for Alexander.

Curat. When in the world I liu'd, I was the worldes Com-

mander:

By East, West, North, & South, I spread my conquering might

My scutcheon plaine declares that I am *Alexander*.

Boier. Your nose faies no, you are not:

For it stands too right.

Kim. Your nose faies no; in this most tender smel-

ling Knight.

Qu. The Conqueror is dismayd:

Proceede good *Alexander*.

Cur. When in the world I liued, I was the worldes Com-

mander.

Boier. Most true, 'tis right: you were so *Alexander*.

Kim. *Pompey* the great.

Clow. your seruant and Costard.

Kim. Take away the Conqueror, take away *Alexander*

Clow. O fir, you haue ouerthrowne *Alexander* the con-

queror: you will be scrap'd out of the painted cloth for

this.